

Dave

2:41 – yoo i took a nap

2:41 – wanna play minecraft?

2:41 – actually i need your help with something

2:41 – what

2:42 – just come over

2:42 – kk i gotta shower

Dave knew stuff about computers. Don't let the being high all the time fool you, he was the smartest person I knew.

"Yo," I yelled to him across the lawn.

"Dude what's up? You look rattled"

"My mom is missing and she isn't answering her phone. Then I tried to track her on the car app"

Dave came inside the house (I locked the door behind him) and opened his laptop at the kitchen table.

"What did the e-mail used to be? Do you have access to that account?"

"Yea," I brought up the password to bakerfamily43@gmail.com on my 1Password and Dave logged in.

We saw like 15 e-mails notifying that account details were changed for various services. Ranging from Google to Facebook to Twitter.

Most interesting was the first e-mail. It was from Google saying they blocked a login attempt to my Gmail account.

Dave explained, "They probably tried to log in to the gmail, but when it didn't work, they changed the location."

"From Atlanta? Who's in Atlanta? They got hackers down there?" I was imagining...well never mind.

"It's probably a VPN, hang on, I'll check the IP." Dave copy pasted some numbers from the Google e-mail.

"What's a VPN?"

"No wonder you can't find hookers on the Internet." I'd asked Dave about this once. He was high on weed.

"You think we should call the police," I asked. But I already knew Dave's answer.

Dave hated the police more than all of us. Back before the suicide, his mother would take him to the police station and yell at them. Was he angry? But not depressed.

“Fuck 12,” he mumbled.

It wasn’t just the politics. After Tom’s suicide, the cops harassed his family. Well it wasn’t the police, it was the mooching pig was the same as the next, and none of them were on his side.

“Okay, no police. I don’t like them either. You think my mom is okay?”

Dave thought for a minute, “I think I know how to find her car”

As the number of sensors on the Internet grew, the availability of data about the real world skyrocketed. Ending crime was always more a question of will than a question of ability. And most people needed a little help.

“Do you have the license plate number of the car?” I didn’t know it, but I went back upstairs to get it.

Dave typed it into website billing itself as the world’s data marketplace. “Search millions of dashcam videos for \$0.78 for the query. He typed in his credit card. I offered to pay him back. He thanked me for the help.

“Three hits in the last 24 hours” It was \$8 each to download the video clips. One of them would be the one.

Clip 1

Timestamp (overlay): ~5:36:12 PM, Sat Jul 12

Location (inferred): Manhattan Bridge lower roadway, westbound into Manhattan. Camera angle is from the side of the road.

What’s visible: Mercedes (body/DRL signature consistent) in center lane, moderate speed.

Clip 2

Timestamp (overlay): ~11:29:47 PM, Sat Jul 12

Location (inferred): Sheepshead Bay corridor. Streetfront OCR: “EMMONS AVE,” “BAYVIEW BLVD.”

What’s visible: Mercedes eastbound along Emmons Ave, signals right at the next intersection.

I pondered, “That doesn’t make sense. That second clip is right by our house, but I got home and it wasn’t there.”

“It won’t let me download it. Because of how this marketplace works, the video file isn’t uploaded until it’s been viewed by a certain number of people.”

“Do we know anything about it?”

“Not really. Sometimes the user has a profile, but all he has is a username. It’s liducksfan”

For once, I could actually be useful. “The Long Island Ducks! I went to a game once!” I wasn’t a
“You’re the true crime guy. I’m just the tech guy.”

I had a hunch. I think she came home around 11:30, something happened here, either she saw

I looked around for James Reese’s business card. I couldn’t find it.

However, in plain sight, there was a note from my mother on the refrigerator. I guess it had been

I showed the note to Dave. He shrugged and asked if he could have one of the bagels that Ann

Who logged into her accounts? Who was *skinner666*?